

DELL
Western
Adventure

APRIL

15¢

LAWMAN

Dan Troop
retraces
the trail
of stage
bandits
and runs
into a
deadly
ambush!



JOHN
RUSSELL



PETER
BROWN



THE TRAIL BACK



Dan Troop takes a young stage driver back over the trail into Laramie to uncover the events which had led up to a bold robbery.



Two cowboys strike from ambush, intent on stopping the layman from accomplishing his mission and finding the truth he seeks.

DEPUTY'S DISGUISE



Using Johnny for bait, Marshall Troop sets a trap to catch a plotter whose aim is to even a score with a citizen in Laramie.



The plan almost backfires, and Dan has to resort to unplanned tactics to save Johnny from the sniper's bullet.

LAWMAN

WE TROOP,
LOOK!



COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO STOP
THAT STAGE! IT'S HEADING
TOWARD DEAD MAN'S CURVE!

[illegible]

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THE STAGE APPROACHES
THE DANGEROUS CURVE...

IF THOSE HORSES TAKE
THE CURVE AT THAT
SPEED, THAT DRIVER'S
LIFE WON'T BE
WORTH TWO CENTS!



WE'LL STOP THEM,
JOHNNY!



HANG ON, MR. TROOP!



AND JUST IN TIME, THE STAGE IS STOPPED...

NOW TO SEE ABOUT
THAT WOUNDED
DRIVER!

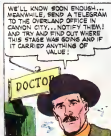


SHORTLY...

HIS HEAD'S BEEN CREASED BY A
BULLET! LOOKS LIKE
IT'S NOT TOO BAD!

WE'LL GET
YOU TO A
DOCTOR,
MISTER!







**OUTLAW RELEASED
FROM PRISON!
ED CARSON SERVES
SENTENCE!**





THE NEXT MORNING, THE OVERLAND
AGENT, SAM CONNERS ARRIVES...

...AND IT'S DOWNRIGHT
TERRIBLE. WHAT THAT
BOY DID TO US ... AND
AFTER ALL I DID
TRYING TO HELP HIM!

SLOW DOWN A MINUTE
MR. CONNERS ... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



WHEN EP GOT OUT OF PRISON, HE
CONVINCED US HE WAS GOING
STRAIGHT ... I GAVE HIM A JOB
DRIVIN' STAGE ... I BELIEVED HIM
... TRUSTED
HIM!



BUT WHAT MAKES
YOU SO SURE A FUG
MIXED UP IN THIS
ROBBERY?

IT FIGURES! A MAN
WITH A CRIMINAL
RECORD ... DRIVIN'
A STAGE WITH TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS!



PROBABLY GOT HIS OUTLAW PAIR TO PULL
THIS ROBBERY ... THEN HE STARTS PULLIN'
THIS LOSS OF MEMORY ROUTINE ...
PROBABLY ALL A FAKE!



A MAN TRYING TO TRICK SOMEBODY
DOESN'T USUALLY GET HIMSELF
WOUNDED AND RISK HIS LIFE
ON A RUNAWAY STAGE! I'D SAY
THAT WAS GOING PRETTY FAR
IN ORDER TO POOL HIS
EMPLOYER AND
THE LAW!



YOU TRUSTED HIM ONCE, MR.
CONNERS ... I'D SAY YOU SHOULD
TRUST HIM AGAIN ... AT LEAST
UNTIL YOU CAN BE POSITIVE
OF THE FACTS!



BUT FACE TO FACE WITH THE STAGE DRIVER,
THE AGENT REPEATS HIS ACCUSATIONS...



I'M GONNA
SEE YOU GO
BACK TO
PRISON
FOR THIS,
BOY!

HOLD IT, CONNERS...
THIS YOUNG MAN IS
NOT PRETENDING!



I'D STAKE MY
REPUTATION AS
A DOCTOR ON THE
FACT THAT THIS
ANNEIRA IS REAL!

DON'T MATTER!
I'M DEMANDIN' YOU
ARREST THIS MAN
FOR ROBBERY!
WE'LL LET A COURT
DECIDE...



SUDDENLY, ED CARSON
GRABE JOHNNY'S GUN...



I DON'T KNOW WHO'S RIGHT
BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT...AND
I SURE CAN'T DO IT IN A
JAIL CELL!



PUT THE GUN DOWN, SON...
THIS ISN'T GOING TO PROVE
ANYTHING!

STAND BACK,
MARSHAL!





IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE, DAN TROOP
OUTLINES HIS PLAN...

EVERYBODY IN LARAMIE'S TALKING ABOUT YOUR
LOSS OF MEMORY, ED! LET'S HOPE WE CAN
SPREAD IT FAR ENOUGH SO MORE PEOPLE
WILL HEAR ABOUT IT!

BUT
WHY,
MARSHAL?



JOHNNY, YOU AND MR. CONNERS
SEE THAT ED'S STORY GETS IN
ALL THE TERRITORY PAPERS!
PUBLISH THE FACT THAT HE
WASN'T KILLED... THAT HE'LL
BE ABLE TO NAME HIS
ATTACKERS WHEN
HIS MEMORY
RETURNS!



IF THE REAL OUTLAWS HEAR
ABOUT THIS, THEY'LL TRY TO
STOP ED FROM REGAINING
HIS MEMORY!

WE'LL GET
RIGHT ON IT,
MR. TROOP!



GOOD... THEN WE'LL WAIT
THREE DAYS! THAT SHOULD
GIVE THEM TIME TO
GET HERE!

I... I HOPE
THEY COME!



THIS WILL BE THE
TRAIL BACK, ED...
LET'S HOPE IT
WORKS!

I GOT TO
ADMIT I'M
SCARED,
MARSHAL...
BECAUSE
IF I DO
REMEMBER...
I MIGHT NOT
LIKE THE
ANSWER!

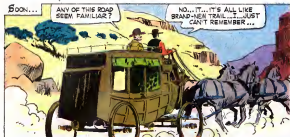


THREE DAYS LATER...

I'M ALL SET, MARSHAL!

GOOD! I'LL TELL YOU
THE DIRECTION, THEN
WE'LL DRIVE BEYOND
THE HOLDUP SPOT
AND RETRACE THE
LAST FIVE MILES
OF THE TRAIL...





SOON...

ANY OF THIS ROAD
SEEM FAMILIAR?

NO...IT...IT'S ALL LIKE
BRAND-NEW TRAIL...I...JUST
CAN'T REMEMBER...



JUST BE CALM, ED...DON'T TRY
TO THINK TOO HARD...WITH
LUCK, MAYBE SOME OF IT
WILL COME BACK...

AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES AWAY...

I'M STILL NOT SURE THIS
IS A GOOD IDEA, KELL...
THAT MARSHAL ROPE
OUT MYTH CARSON!

AND MOST LIKELY
THE MARSHAL FIGURES
TO BE AROUND WHEN
CARSON STARTS
REMEMBERING!



AND HE MIGHT ~~REMEMBER~~ ONE OF
THESE DAYS ... AND AS LONG AS
THERE'S THAT CHANCE, WE'RE IN
TROUBLE!



THIS TIME WE'LL
DO THE JOB RIGHT
...AND MAKE SURE
HE'S FINISHED
FOR GOOD!

THEN COME ON...
THEY'VE GOT A
HEAD START ON US.
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE
A SHORT CUT TO
MEET THEM!

ON THE STAGE TRAIL,
A SLOW CHANGE
COMES OVER
ED CARSON...

THIS ROAD...THOSE ROCKS AHEAD
...I...I SEEM TO REMEMBER,
SEEING THEM BEFORE...

EASY NOW...DON'T
TRY TOO HARD...



YEAH, I'M ~~SURE~~ OF IT!
I ~~ALWAYS~~ BEEN ON THIS
TRAIL BEFORE!

GOOD...IT'S
COMING
BACK TO
YOU!



IT WAS A DAY LIKE THIS
...I WAS KINDA SLEEPY
...THE SUN WAS HOT...
THEN...

GO ON, ED...
THEN WHAT?



THAT'S ALL...I...I DON'T
REMEMBER ANY MORE...
BUT IT SEEMS LIKE I
STARTED TO SLOW DOWN
...I SAW...

YOU SAW SOMETHING
UP AHEAD?



I...I THINK SO...BUT...BUT
I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER
ANY MORE!



THE STAGE APPROACHES:
THE SPOT WHERE THE
OUTLAWS WAIT IN AMBUSH...

I'LL TRY AND PICK OFF
THAT MARSHAL FIRST!

MAKE SURE YOU
DON'T MISS!



ED DRIVES THE STAGE EARLY,
UNAWARE THAT DANGER IS CLOSE...



THEN, SUDDENLY...



DAN RETURNS THE FIRE...



AS DAN AND ED TAKE COVER...



THE LAST TIME THEY
WERE IN THE ROAD
AHEAD...

WHAT???

DON'T YOU REALIZE
WHAT YOU JUST SAID?

NO... I ONLY...



YES! I *REMEMBERED!* I
REMEMBER EVERYTHING NOW...
THE HOLDUP... THE SHOT...
THE DIXON BROTHERS...



THIS AMBUSH BROUGHT IT BACK, ED!
NOW LET'S *FINISH* THE JOB!



MARSHAL DAN TROOP AND ED
MAKE A DASH FOR THE ROCKS...



WE'VE GOT TO GET IN
CLOSER!

A RIFLE SHOT NARROWLY
MISSES ED CARSON...

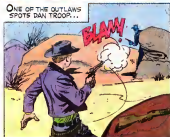


KEEP THEM BUSY, ED...
I'LL TRY AND GET IN
CLOSE!





ONE OF THE OUTLAWS
SPOTS DAN TROOP...



THE SHOT MISSES
AND DAN FIRES...



DAN DIVES AT THE FLEEING STAGE
ROBBER...



THE FIGHT IS BRIEF...



AND MOMENTS LATER...

THAT'S THEM, MARSHALL!
THEY'RE THE BOYS
THAT ROBBED ME!

THEY WON'T ROB
ANYONE AGAIN,
ED... ROBBERY AND
ATTEMPTED MURDER
OUGHT TO GET THEM
LIFE!



THE TWO MEN WITH THEIR
PRISONERS HEAD BACK TO
LARAMIE...



NO NEED
TO GIVE ME
DIRECTIONS
NOW, MARSHAL...
I REMEMBER
EVERY INCH OF
THIS ROAD!

AN ANNOYED JOHNNY M'KAY
IS WAITING IN LARAMIE...



MR. TROOP! YOU GOT
THE OUTLAWS!

WE SURE DID,
JOHNNY!

AND ED GOT SOMETHING
EVEN MORE IMPORTANT
... HIS *MEMORY!*



I SURE ONE YOU AN
APOLOGY, ED... SORRY
FOR ALL THE THINGS
I SAID!

THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, MR
CONNERS...
I CAN'T BE
MAD AT
ANYBODY
NOW!

ED'S RIGHT! THIS IS
A DAY WHEN ALL OF
US HAVE SOMETHING
TO BE GLAD ABOUT...
ALL EXCEPT THE
DIXON BROTHERS!



LITTLE DOGIE

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I was thirteen, when I found Little Dogie—just the age for a boy to have a dog. Little Dogie was a coyote, though, so I know better than to take him up to the ranch house. I called him that because he had no mother and my dad and the cowhands called the motherless calves little dogies.

I found the orphaned coyote down the creek a ways from our ranch house, and I took him milk and meat scraps every day. It took a while to really make friends with him. My folks never knew that I had a pet hidden out down on the creek.

By the time I'd had him a year, he was just like a dog. I'd take food to him and whistle him in, and he'd bounce around me, reaching for the food. And sometimes I'd get down on my knees and scuffle with him the way you do with a dog.

Then came that evening when I went down with his grub and whistled and he didn't come. I waded across the creek a couple of times, checking all the places where I usually found him, but no sign of him. Then, suddenly, I froze! For I heard a pack of hunting dogs in the distance! And I remembered then that my dad had said that a couple of hunters with dogs were in the valley to rid the section of coyotes.

I listened in agony as the pack swung away to the south. I just knew they were after Little Dogie. I tried to reason with myself that there were lots of other coyotes on the range, but I still was sure they were after my pet. And it turned out that they were.

Twilight was settling when Little Dogie came up the creek and stopped near where I stood. His coat was brush-torn and matted with burrs, his tongue was falling out, and his legs were shaking with fatigue. I called to him, but he paid no attention to me, he was listening to the approaching dog pack.

There was a big oak tree there on the edge

of a low outbank. He sniffed the tree, then went over the bank. I hurried down there and found that he had a den in under the tree roots. I heard the dogs coming closer, and panic filled me, pounding in my ears like thunder, for I knew that the dogs would trail my coyote right to his den, and the hunters would twist him out and kill him. I hesitated for just a moment, then went into action.

I didn't know where, but somewhere I'd heard that a dog could not scent his quarry if he got smoke in his nose. I scurried around in the twilight and frantically gathered leaves and brush until I had a pile of it, then I set it afire on the windward side of the oak so the smoke would curl around the base of it. I hoped it wouldn't smoke the coyote out. Then I took off my boots and socks and held them over the fire.

When the dog pack arrived, they got into the smoke and began moaning and sneezing and slobbering as they tried to find the coyote's scent. Then two men with guns rode up and asked what I was doing there. I told them I'd waded the creek and was drying my boots and socks, which was the truth. The dogs were quiet by then, having given up their quarry.

One hunter said, "The coyote's lost for good. The smoke has killed his scent."

The other one said, "The dogs have had enough for today, anyway. The hunting is mighty poor around here. No use bothering to hunt this section another day." And they whistled up the dogs and rode into the twilight. I was so happy I wanted to cry, and I almost did.

I left the meat scraps I'd brought near the oak tree and went home. The next evening, when I went down to feed Little Dogie, he showed no signs of the hunt. He was full of life and as ready as ever to romp and play with me.

THE PEACE PIPE

DINNER'S READY, HOMER!

ALL RIGHT, MINERVA... I'LL BE IN JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS ONE MORE LOG!



SOON...

THAT WAS A FINE MEAL, MINERVA! NOW FOR A FEW PEACEFUL PUFFS ON ONE OF MY PIPES AND I'LL CALL IT A DAY!

THE WAY YOU SMOKE A PIPE IS MORE LIKE SMOKE SIGNALS THAN PEACEFUL PUFFS!

NOW WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD YOU SAY THAT?

WELL, JUST LOOK AT YOU! A BODY'D THINK THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS ON FIRE!



CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY A MAN WOULD WANT TO COLLECT SO MANY PIPES FOR ANYWAY!

WELL, IT KEEPS ME OUT OF TROUBLE!



OH, I KNOW THAT, HOMER... BUT YOU SHOULD COLLECT SOMETHING WORTHWHILE! NOW TAKE RIN STONE... HE HAS A GUN COLLECTION... AN' I HEAR TELL IT'S WORTH ALMOST \$2,000!

HAHMPH!



IT'S NOT THE VALUE THAT COUNTS, AN' YOU KNOW GOOD AN' WELL, I'VE NEVER TOUCHED A GUN IN MY LIFE...AND I NEVER INTEND TO!

OH, HONER! I WAS JUST MAKING A COMPARISON!



BUT CAN YOU TELL ME ONE EARTHY THING ALL THOSE PIPES ARE GOOD FOR?

THEY'RE GOOD FOR SMOKIN' AN' LOOKIN'!



A GOOD PIPE IS LIKE A GOOD FRIEND! IT DOES YOUR BIDDING AND ASKS NO QUESTIONS! GIVE IT A LITTLE ATTENTION AN' IT GIVES BACK A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE!



I DECLARE IF YOU HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN ME AND THOSE PIPES, I'D LIKELY BE SECOND-BEST!

NOW, HONER, YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT SO! NOTHIN' IN THE WORLD I WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU!



IF THAT'S SO, YOU START PROVING IT BY BRINGING ME IN SOME FRESH WATER FROM THE WELL!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!



A MOMENT LATER, IN BACK OF THE RANCH...



WHILE OUT FRONT...

DON'T MAKE ANY
NOISE! WE'LL
SURPRISE 'EM!



OOOOH!

BE QUIET,
OLD LADY!



HEARING THE CRASH IN THE KITCHEN,
HOMER MOVES TO INVESTIGATE...

WHAT'S ALL
THAT RACKET?



WE NEED SOME
DADS, LADY!
WHERE'S
YOUR
HUSBAND?

HE...UH...
WENT INTO
TOWN FOR
SUPPLIES!



RECKON WE'LL JUST HAVE
TO HELP OURSELVES!



SEEMS I'M GOING TO HAVE
TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT
THOSE JAILBIRDS!



A MOMENT LATER, HOWER ACTS...

HUH??

ALL RIGHT, DROP
YOUR GUNS!



DO AS HE SAYS, RAFF!
HE'S GOT A GUN IN MY
BACK!

PICK'EM UP,
MINERVA!



THAT WAS NO
GUN! IT'S
ONLY A PIPE!

YOU FOUND THAT OUT TOO
LATE, BUSTER! NOW
DON'T YOU MOVE!



WE'LL JUST TRUSS YOU
TWO UP AND SEND ALONG
FOR THE SHERIFF!

OH, HOWER...
I'M SO PROUD
OF YOU!



NOT ME YOU SHOULD
BE PROUD OF, MINERVA,
... BUT THIS GOOD OLD
FRIEND IN MY HAND!

I'LL NEVER SAY
ANOTHER WORD
ABOUT YOUR
PIPES! THAT'S
A PROMISE!



LAWMAN DEPUTY'S DISGUISE

THE STILLNESS OF LARAMIE IS
SHATTERED AS A ROCK SMASHES
THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A
SMALL HOUSE . . .

CRASH

MAKING HIS NIGHTLY ROUNDS, MARSHAL
DAN TROOP HEARS THE NOISE . . .

STOP, OR
I'LL SHOOT!

BLAM

MARSHAL! DID YOU
SEE WHO IT WAS?

NO, BILL! IT'S
TOO DARK!

THIS NOTE
WAS TIED TO
THAT ROCK!

IT ALMOST HIT BILL
WHEN IT CAME THROUGH
THE WINDOW!

IT SAYS... "ARNER FARLEY,
YOUR TIME HAS COME!
YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!"

OBVIOUSLY,
WHOEVER
WROTE IT,
HASN'T
HEARD
ABOUT MY
FATHER!



HE HAS BEEN
DEAD FOR OVER
SIX MONTHS
NOW!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT,
DAN? YOU SUPPOSE IT'S
SOME KIND OF A JOKE?



I DON'T THINK SO! WHILE
ARNER WAS ALIVE, HE
MADE A LOT OF ENEMIES
AS PUBLIC PROSECUTOR!

SURE HE DID,
BUT THEY WERE
CRIMINALS...
AND THEY GOT
WHAT WAS
COMING TO THEM!



SOME OF THEM MIGHT FIGURE
DIFFERENTLY! THE WRITER OF
THIS NOTE HAS A WARPED
MIND... OR HE'D HAVE MORE
SENSE THAN TO SEND A
WARNING LIKE THIS!

THAT'S TRUE!
HE MUST
PLAN ON
MAKING HIS
INTENDED
VICTIM
SUFFER
FROM
FEAR!



I THINK I KNOW WHO
COULD BE BEHIND THIS,
BILL... DON'T SAY
ANYTHING TO ANYONE
FOR A WHILE!

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
DAN!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

... I DON'T GET IT, DAN...
WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO
WAIT TILL THIS STRANGER
SHOWS UP AND TELL HIM
ARNER FARLEY IS DEAD?

EASIER, JOHNNY...
BUT IT'S NOT LIKELY
HE'LL JUST WALK
INTO TOWN...



THIS MAN, DAVE LAWSON, ESCAPED FROM PRISON A WEEK AGO! AND IT WAS ARNER FARLEY WHO PROSECUTED HIS CASE!



AND IT FIGURES THAT A MAN IN PRISON MIGHT NOT HAVE HEARD ABOUT ARNER'S DEATH!

EXACTLY! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TRAP LAWSON WHEN HE MAKES HIS ATTEMPT!



AND I THINK I KNOW JUST THE WAY TO DO IT!

YOU DO?



ARNER WAS JUST ABOUT YOUR HEIGHT AND WEIGHT, JOHNNY...

SURE... BUT HE WAS SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OLD!



FROM THE BACK... WITH YOUR HAIR WHITENED... IT MIGHT BE HARD TO TELL AT A DISTANCE...

YOU WANT ME TO POSE AS ARNER FARLEY?



THAT'S RIGHT! IT WILL BE A SIMPLE JOB! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SIT AROUND THE FARLEY HOUSE AND RELAX UNTIL LAWSON MAKES HIS MOVE!



RELAX! HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN
ONE LITTLE THING, MR. TROOP?

WHAT'S THAT,
JOHNNY?



DAVE LAMSON WON'T KNOW
I'M NOT AINER... WHICH MEANS
HE'LL BE TRYING TO KILL ME!



I'M SORRY, JOHNNY... I
DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE A
JOKE OF IT! YOU DON'T
HAVE TO DO IT IF YOU
DON'T WANT TO!

I KNOW,
MR. TROOP...AND
YOU KNOW I
WILL DO IT!



LATER...

...AND THAT'S
THE PLAY, BILL!
WOULD YOU AND MAY WIND
MOVING TO THE HOTEL
UNTIL THIS IS OVER?

NO... BUT WOULDN'T IT
BE BETTER IF I STAYED
ON WITH JOHNNY? I
MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP!



THANKS, BILL... BUT YOU
JUST MIGHT GET HURT
WHEN THE SHOOTING
STARTS! I CAN'T
TAKE THAT CHANCE!

ALL RIGHT, DAN
...WE'LL DO IT
YOUR WAY!



BILL AND MAY TAKE A ROOM IN THE HOTEL,
THEN DAN OUTLINES HIS STRATEGY TO
JOHNNY...

I'LL BE ON THE ROOF OF THE
WAREHOUSE NEXT DOOR! FROM THERE
I'LL BE ABLE TO WATCH BOTH THE
FRONT AND BACK
DOORS TO THE
HOUSE!





COME ON, WE'LL FIND ONE OF
ARNER'S SUITS...THEN FIX YOUR
HAIR!



SOON... THIS POWDER
OF MARY'S IS
JUST THE TICKET!
YOU LOOK ALMOST
PERFECT!

I'VE OFTEN
WONDERED WHAT
I'D LOOK LIKE
AT SIXTY-FIVE!



MOVE AROUND A
LITTLE, JOHNNY.
BUT BE CAREFUL
NOT TO MAKE
YOURSELF A
TARGET FROM
OUTSIDE!

RIGHT, MR. TROOP!
YOU DON'T EXPECT
ANY TROUBLE THIS
AFTERNOON, DO YOU?



NO...IT WILL PROBABLY COME
AFTER DARK...BUT I DON'T
WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!
BE ON YOUR TOES!

YESSIR!

A MOMENT LATER, DAN CLIMBS TO HIS
POSITION ON TOP OF THE WAREHOUSE...



THIS COULD BE A
LONG VIGIL! I HOPE
LAWSON MAKES
HIS MOVE SOON!

NIGHT FALLS AND THE
VIGIL CONTINUES...



FROM HERE, I'D SWEAR
THAT WAS ARNER, FARLEY!

THE HOURS PASS!
MIDNIGHT COMES AND
GOES! LARAMIE IS
QUIET. . .



LOOKS LIKE TONIGHT'S
NOT THE NIGHT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT. . .

LOOKS LIKE OLD FARLEY
ALERTED THE LAW! GUESS
I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY
PLANS A LITTLE! THAT TIN
STAR CAN SEE BOTH THE
FRONT AND BACK DOORS
FROM UP THERE!



THE ESCAPED CONVICT MOVES CAUTIOUSLY
TO THE BACK DOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE,
WHERE DAN KEEPS WATCH. . .



BUT I'VE WAITED
TOO LONG FOR
THIS TO FALL
FOR A TRAP!
I'LL FOOL HIM!

WHAT
WAS
THAT?



GUESS I'M
HEARING
THINGS!
MUST BE
GETTING
EPPY!



BELOW DAN, IN THE DARKENED WAREHOUSE...

ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND
FARLEY WILL BE DEAD!



**STAYING IN THE WAREHOUSE, THE CONVICT
WATCHES THE FARLEY HOUSE...**

THEN I'LL
BE EVEN!



INSIDE THE HOUSE, JOHNNY WAITS...

I SURE WISH HE'D MAKE HIS MOVE!
THIS WAITING IS THE WORST PART!



**LAWSON COCKS HIS GUN AND TAKES AIM,
BUT JOHNNY, HEEDING DAN'S ADVICE, MOVES
JUST OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE...**

THAT MOVE GAVE HIM ANOTHER MINUTE
TO LIVE...BUT HE'LL BE BACK!



**BUT, ON THE ROOF, DAN HEARS THE
SLIGHT ACTION OF THE GUN...**

HE'S IN THE WAREHOUSE
...AT THE WINDOW!



NOW!





THE SHOT BRINGS JOHNNY ON THE RUN...







ALL THE FIGHT IS
TAKEN OUT OF THE
CONVICT...

GOOD WORK, MR. TROOP!
I WAS AFRAID OUR TRAP
WASNT GOING TO WORK!

WHO ARE YOU? I
THOUGHT... YOU'RE
NOT AINER FARLEY...



YOU THOUGHT HE WAS
AINER FARLEY! THAT'S
JUST WHAT WE WANTED
YOU TO THINK!

AND YOU REALLY
WASTED YOUR
TIME, LAWSON...

YOU'RE GOING BACK TO PRISON FOR
ESCAPING...AND FOR TRYING TO KILL
A MAN WHO IS ALREADY DEAD!





In spite of the hardships forced on sheep growers, they held fast in the West, becoming an important part of its history and development. They were fought by cattlemen, who feared the sheep would destroy the grazing land, and by small farmers, who had to fence their land to protect their crops from the woolly animals.



Rambling grass fires often took a toll of the sheep; but when such disaster threatened, the shepherd herded his flock to safety with the aid of good sheep dogs.



Most all owners kept goats with their sheep, as goats make good leaders and sheep will follow them without hesitation . . . why no one is quite able to explain.



In the spring, wool-shearing festivals were held, offering gay times for those who attended. Prize money was given to the fastest shearer, and special honor went to the grower whose sheep produced the most wool.

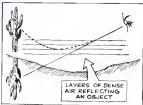


There were two ready markets for the sheepman's produce. The Eastern textile mills needed the wool and the food processing plants in Chicago waited anxiously for the first shipment of fat spring lambs.

LAWMAN DESERT MIRAGES



Desert travelers often see lakes on the hot dry sands, only to watch the water vanish as they approach them. Such an illusion is called a mirage, and for a long time it was thought that such a sight was just an imaginary vision. In 1798, a French scientist proved that mirages are not figures of the mind but they are really reflections of things existing at a distance from the place where they are seen.



This desert phenomenon happens when the air close above the sand becomes very hot, and above the hot layer a cooler layer of air forms. These layers of air become a "mirror" or lens, which reflects the distant object.



Mirages are sometimes complicated due to the irregularity of the hot and cold air masses. Pictures may be upside down and out of shape, nevertheless, one can easily identify the objects he is seeing.



Towns, too, appear in mirages, complete with people on the streets. Such a famous mirage reappears in Italy. It is called Fata Morgana, and many stories have been written about this phantom city. Mirages like this have been seen in our American deserts, and they have been the heartbreak of lost settlers who have not been able to reach the town's elusive safety.

LAWMAN

A BIG HELP

SEE, THANKS FOR THE NEW MARBLE, MARSHAL! LOOKS LIKE IT'LL MAKE A GOOD "TAW".

GLAD YOU LIKE IT, TIM!

TIME AS PARTICULAR ABOUT THOSE "SHOOTERS" OF HIS AS YOU ARE ABOUT YOURS, DAN! AND I'LL HAVE YOUR SHOOTER FIXED IN A MINUTE!



HELP! HELP! THAT MAN TOOK MY GOLD FONE!

CY! Toss me a gun! AND QUICK! A ROBBER'S HEADED THIS WAY! TIM, STAND BACK!



CY'S TOSS IS SHORT...

GOLLY, MAYBE I CAN HELP UNTIL MARSHAL TROOP GETS HIS GUN!



NICE GOING, TIM! YOU SURE LANDED HIM WITH THOSE "SHOOTERS" OF YOURS!

BUT I DIDN'T USE MY "SHOOTERS," MARSHAL... I USED MY "PEEWEEES"! MY "SHOOTERS" ARE TOO GOOD TO BE WASTED ON A THIEF THAT YOU'D HAVE CAUGHT ANYWAY!

